

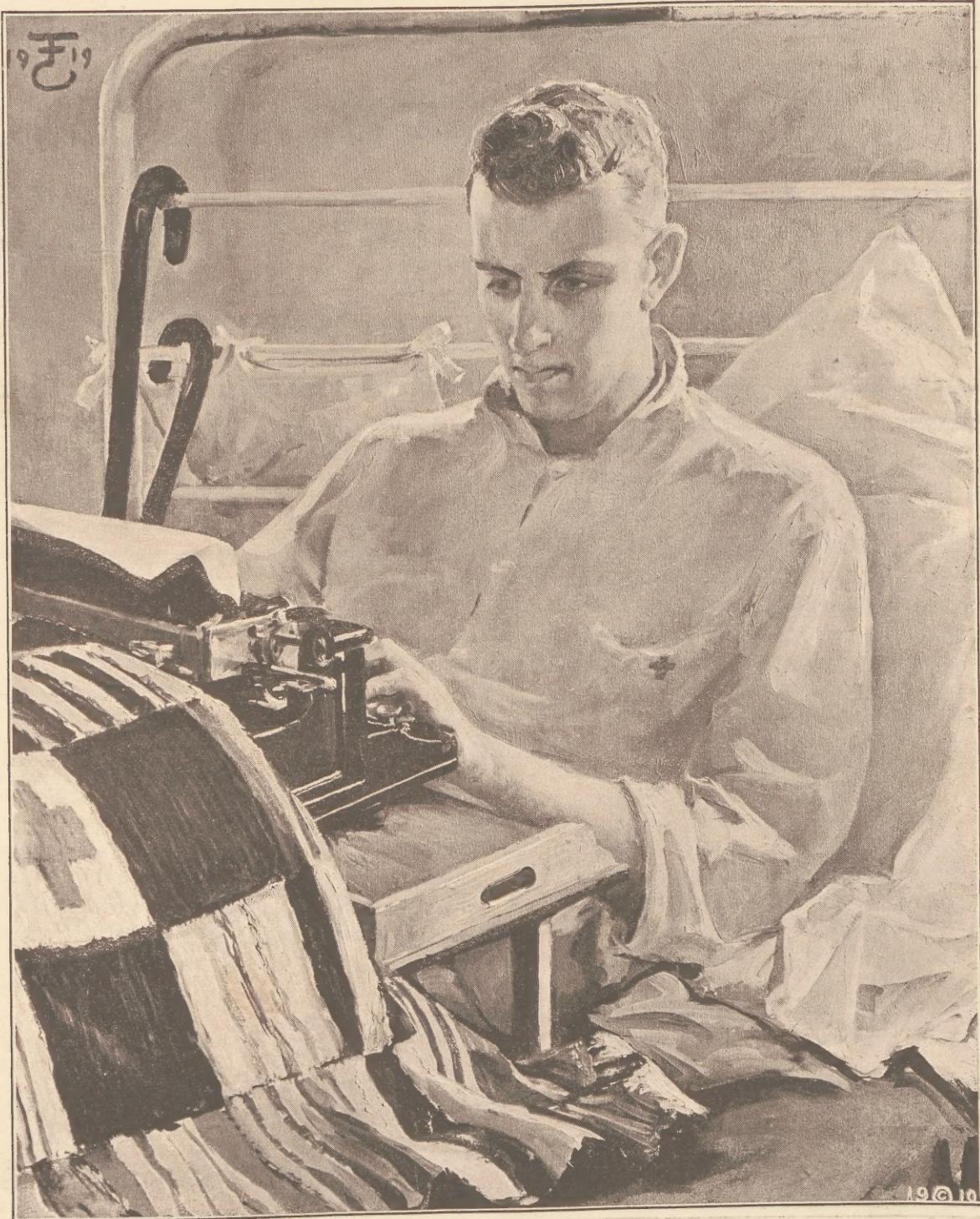
# Cho OTEEN

OFFICIAL WEEKLY OF U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL NO. 19 OTEEN, NORTH CAROLINA  
PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY OF THE SURGEON GENERAL OF THE ARMY

VOL. IV

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1919

No. 3



THE COME-BACK !

# Keep in Touch with The Citizen

The Asheville Citizen wants to keep in touch with all the enlisted men, officers, nurses and reconstruction aides of Oteen.

It will be pleased to publish articles, sport news, events at the welfare organizations, etc., that you men wish to contribute.

and to find out what's going on in the world,  
read *The Citizen, your newspaper*

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# The OTEEN

(Indian for "Chief Aim")

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Vol. IV

Saturday, August 2, 1919

No. 3

Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice,  
Oteen, N. C. Subscription rates, \$1.00 for seventeen  
weeks, postpaid. Five cents the copy.

After many months of variegated effort on the part of various people, the situation in regard to the league covenant appears to be about as follows:

The President and the other horse traders at Versailles have gradually but very effectively denatured the original concept to such an extent that the covenant is now powerless for good.

The Senate proposes to extract a few more teeth so as to make the covenant powerless for harm.

When that is done, the thing may as well be ratified, so that we can get down to business, of which there is a vast amount needing attention.

As we go to press the news comes that Mrs. Morrisey is retiring from the Red Cross activities at Oteen. The Red Cross creed has always been "We are the mother of all soldiers"—and Mrs. Morrisey has faithfully lived up to the organization's best traditions, and truly proven herself the foster-mother, helper, comforter and friend of every boy, every person in fact, on this Post. No detail, no matter how large or how small, where it concerned the welfare of the members of our personnel, escaped Mrs. Morrisey. Always tactful, ever thoughtful, she has endeared herself to the progressive life of the camp.

To Mrs. Morrisey THE OTEEN owes much in the way of moral support and encouragement. While an infant, the pins of this publication were ne'er too strong, yet a few persons, Mrs. Morrisey typical, carried us through the early days of uncertainty.

She may go from us, yet the memory of her charm and indefatigable efforts will

remain, and we shall all hold the knowing of her in our heart of hearts as one of our most precious possessions during these trying days of reconstruction.



We saw Wednesday's baseball game. To our mind it was quite the poorest showing we'd witnessed in ages. It is not typical of Oteen, and the sort of thing that should not be tolerated—where there is such a field of good talent to pick from. There have been all sorts of impediments put in the way of a paramount team at Oteen. The two main factors have been bad sportsmanship—and the keeping of the team into the hands of a group—at the exclusion of top-notch talent, which lies about camp. We know of two men in camp who are coaches known to be of the first order. One put over big college teams for years, and he has expressed a wish to see a properly brought out team at this Post. He thinks the talent he has seen (and the best of it is not playing on Oteen's team) can produce bang-up ball.

Our C. O. has advocated sports to the limit. It's too bad we haven't been able to come up to his expectations in the question of Oteen's ball club. Our hospital is the type that needs some incentive for the men to get out and root—and a live wire organization in this respect will do wonders.

THE OTEEN in good part offers to produce a man that will make a real team—if he is given charge of the men—and isn't conflicted with by small politics and bickerings. Will we be taken up?

## AIMLESSNESS

A lot of us will soon be putting aside our uniforms and taking our place in civil life. Have we anything definite in view? Aimlessness is one of our worst enemies. Not only does it cause the afflicted one to become restless and discontented, but it consumes precious time and vitality that could be used in some worthy effort. An aimless man is like a ship without a rudder. He drifts about, trying this and that, without any definite object in view, and is soon wrecked on the rocks of misfortune. Men who really accomplish things cannot afford to be aimless. They know that in doing the tasks they have set for themselves they are serving others as well. All work, to be worthy, must in some way interest and help others. We have at various times noted men aimlessly walking around the Hospital grounds, dabbling in school one day, and loafing the next. Then after trying one class a short while, they change to another. Some say, "Well, I have a good trade when I get back to civil life, and don't have to learn a new one." Possibly so, but how about your trade—did it stand still, too, while you were away? The chances are it has advanced way beyond your former knowledge of it. We are living in a rapid age, and only a stagnant pool stands still. How do you know you won't have to take a back seat for some fellow that had ambition enough to take advantage of the things we are teaching here. It doesn't matter what your former trade was; you can learn something about it here that will be to your advantage and that will help you to more rapid advancement. During this war we have learned to do things on a larger and broader scale than ever before. We have larger and better machinery, more advanced methods of doing many things that you don't know about. Why not get wise, so that when you get back and the "boss" says to you, "We made lots of changes while you were away, and you will have to take another position for a while until you see how we are doing it," you can come back at him and say, "Thanks to the United States Government, I didn't stand still either while I was away. I'm hep to it and I'll show you as soon as you put me back on my old job." —*Trouble Buster*.





### ONE BETTER

They were having a contest to see who could tell the biggest war lie.

"I drew a bead on a Boche airman with a rifle, wirelessed him 'Hands up, and made him come down inside our lines,' said one.

"I whistled like a .75, scattered an enemy machine gun squad, captured the gun and took the whole crew prisoner," said the second.

"I sneaked a limousine, ran it to a German corps headquarters, told the C. G. I had a message from the Reichstag for him, and brought him back to our regimental P. C.," said the third.

"My spirals never came down," said the fourth.

—*The Stars and Stripes*.

### THE DIFFERENCE

They tell us that there is no difference, but here is an example. Instructor to a class of officers: "Gentlemen, every effort should be made to cultivate esprit! You should undertake all these things wholeheartedly."

The same instructor to a squad of rookies: "Say, what's the matter with you guys? You want to put some jazz into your work. Do you think I brought you out here to go to sleep?"

"Why does your mama wear furs in the summer time?"

"Because it is stylish."

"But doesn't it make her perspire?"

"Oh, no, it isn't stylish to perspire."



### THE MODERN LOVER

(By Edmund Vance Cooke).

Oh, dearest maiden, at your feet  
I lay my loving liver;  
Believe me! it is running sweet  
And active as a flivver.

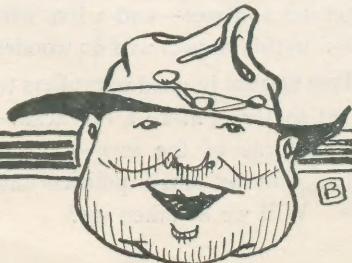
I offer you my lungs as well  
And five inch chest expansion;  
Their functions are exceeding swell  
Within their corporal mansion.

My stomach shall be true! in fact  
(Which marks my disposition)  
You'll find my whole digestive tract  
In excellent condition.

My kidneys are attested by  
My heavy life insurance;  
I add them to the vitals I  
Forswear to your allurance.

Each vital, dear, I set apart,  
I yield it and allot it;  
What's that? Oh, what about my heart?  
Dear me, I quite forgot it!

At a certain military post there was a gruff old colonel, one of whose duties was to occasionally test the food of the soldiers. One day he saw two privates carrying a soup kettle, and called out sharply: "Here, let me taste of that." They obeyed, running eagerly for a spoon. "Great thunder!" he exclaimed, "you don't call that soup, do you?" "No, sir," replied one, meekly, "that's dish water."



### WHAT IS A PUBLIC SOCIAL BUILDING?

A few nights ago a small party of nurses and their friends went to one of the Public Social Buildngs on the Post for a little social evening. It is generally understood that this building was provided for the use of all nurses and aides and their guests for such purposes. This gathering, not being sentimentally inclined, but being there for the purpose of making some candy and generally enjoying themselves, this party was not seeking darkness and gloom and proceeded to light up the building—it being in almost complete darkness for some reason, altho there were several parties about the place.

However, it seems that there are a select few who have taken this building as a sort of personal property, and have divided it up among them for their own personal use, and it also seems to be mutually understood among them that lights are taboo. This is what happened when the party of nurses and their guests, who preferred to have some illumination, turned on the lights—called down upon themselves the wrath and indignation of the Dwellers of the Dark Corners, who seemed to be greatly disturbed by the rays of pure light that penetrated their habitat.

This is not an unusual experience, but it seems to be the usual thing. All others except the armorous Dwellers of the Dark Corners are given to understand that their presence is an intrusion, and that one dares to light up the building is a "public nuisance," as one of them put it.

It is time for this condition be brought to an end. This building was provided for the social diversions and convenience of *all* the Nurses and Aides and their friends and a situation that deprives nearly two hundred ladies and their friends from the use of the building for their own use, while a select few appropriate the building, is a situation that has become intolerable.

We suggest that the Dwellers of the Dark Corners be forced to give up possession of this piece of property, which they hold on no better authority than that of "Squatters' Rights," and that this building be thoroughly illuminated in the evenings, and such an atmosphere of good fellowship and community social intercourse created that the folks on this post will feel that they are desired and welcome in this public building, rather than to feel that their presence there is an intrusion.

*What is a Public Social Building anyway?*  
—Lt. C. E. G.



# CAPS & CAPE



## *Deo et Humanitate*

### MY SOLDIER BOY

A private he—and proud to be,  
This lad of five feet three;  
He's one among the millions,  
But he's all the world to me.

He's small in stature, strong in faith,  
He's one who knows no fear;  
He scorns the boy who lags behind,  
For he's a volunteer.

His heart is mine and mine is his—  
I've loved him all my life;  
I would that such a lad as he  
Might take me for his wife.

'Tis in my brother's praise I sing,  
My soldier boy is he;  
He's one among the millions,  
But he's all the world to me.

—Ex.

WANTED—A telephone at the Aides' new barracks.

■ ■

WANTED—Some one to stretch a bathing-suit. No one under 130 pounds need apply. Applications received at N-8.

■ ■

WANTED—A bench with whistle attachment for callers at N-8.

■ ■

WANTED—A later breakfast hour by the Aides. The Greasy Spoon is all night once in a while, but one becomes tired of eating with their eyes closed every morning.



The first of Miss Lyall's picnic suppers was held last Saturday, at Lake Juanita, near Weaverville. The girls went out on the trolley car, but a certain gallant Captain brought most of them home in his handsome new car. The remaining three were out of luck as the ambulance failed to keep its appointment at the square.

■ ■

Tea (the iced variety) is being served in the Nurses' Red Cross house every afternoon between four and five o'clock. Why don't more of the nurses and aides happen along a little oftener?

■ ■

We all take off our hats to "The Cootie." It surely has helped us to pass pleasantly many lonely hours, but we would rather it wouldn't get stuck on Sputum Square at 11:30 p. m., when our passes are limited!

■ ■

I see Mazie is working double time these days. I wonder if a certain K. of C. gentleman works on the same schedule?

■ ■

We all wish Bradeen, Ottman and Walk-up would invite us to a picnic some afternoon.

■ ■

Society bug has struck 33 good and properly. Darkness prevails until after 11, or is it to keep the mosquitoes out? Do you know Sparks or Brown?

■ ■

The Aides' dance certainly was pretty, the Nurses' Red Cross house was so tastefully decorated, the music so good and everybody so happy!

■ ■

Every one clamored for a tennis court. We have it now! Two fair damsels from Barrack No. 3 only have used it.

■ ■

Did Lieb's working on 1-3 give her "Watermelon craze?"

■ ■

It is rumored that Miss Scott lost ten pounds on the tennis court last week.

Dear Marion:

The Literary Club is to hold a meeting every Tuesday evening in our Red Cross house. The subject of the second one was "Impressions of France," and was dealt with by overseas officers, nurses and aides. Colonel Guignard came to talk to us in a rain coat that looked like a wrapper. He held it up so cute, tho, that we didn't mind. He has the dearest little feet. Lieut. Brookner belonged to the Army of Occupation, and he told us about eating a German dinner, at which that old goose "Poppergander" quacked. The nerve of those Heinies to think we would be easy because we got food from them!

An aide gave a cute little talk and some nurses gave their experience in a very cute manner. It rained, but everybody stayed late.

During the past week showers have been put in each of our quarters. In quarters Three they did not put in a shower—it was a flood. Elder and Flewwelling stood on boxes damning it out of the hall with brooms, while others SOS'ed to the plumbers. The rescue squad appeared at 10 p. m. The personnel consisted of one civilian, one buck and two corps. They being men, and more used to it, damned it easily.

Well, kid, you ought to see the difference in the Red Cross house since we have a hostess. Since the "spoons" are not to be found in every corner, it is like a home instead of like a "school of instruction for would-be matrimonial flyers."

The tennis court is being used more and later we hope to have some mixed doubles. Personally, I know a quieter and much nicer way to play this "love game." Hoping you have not gotten put out of practice,

As ever,

HELEN.

■ ■  
Miss Sullivan, a recent aide from Otisville, is afraid she is losing weight.

Can it be that she is working too hard? Ask Miss Beebe.

## LIMERICK CONTEST ROLLING ALONG ON ALL EIGHT CYLINDERS

Seems as how it ain't so hard to poetry looking at some of the limericks we received this week. But we publish them all, we play no favorites. The large iron man is awarded this week to Chas. M. Mortensen, Ward I-7, because he said nice things about us. His is the verse signed C. M. M. Don't miss it, it's very good! Last week we awarded the buck to one of our staff; that's why no mention was made of the winner. We won't do that any more, the hard-boiled egg wouldn't even buy us a cigar. So now every one has a chance to take a crack at that dollar. Send in your limericks; if you can't rhyme one up yourself copy one out of Life or Judge; that's where we get most of our jokes from. Take a slant at the collection below and those scattered through the book:

Young man do you read the "Oteen,"  
It will thoroughly dry up your spleen;  
You'll sure buy another  
To send home to mother—  
It's the best little sheet to be seen.

—C. M. M.

I'm writin' this verse for a dollar,  
If I get it I won't make a holler;  
You're sure to get worse,  
If you do you will curse—  
While in "dough" I surely will "waller."

—C. M. M.

In this ward there's a guy name dO'Brien,  
To grow hair on his dome is sure tryin'  
With hair tonic galore  
He's sure to grow more  
If he don't, we may find him cryin'.

—Jas. W. Atkinson, Ward I-7.

A maid and a Captain named Mack  
Wandered off the well-beaten track,  
Their Venus-like figures  
Got covered with chiggers—  
I saw them, so know it's a fact!

A dashing lieutenant named Prees  
Made the speed of his flivver increase  
When to town on his way  
One bright summer day  
And was nabbed by the county police.

There is a young sergeant named Spear  
Who oft with an Aide doth appear  
But when he goeth out to spark  
He keepeth in the dark  
Because the M. P.'s he doth fear.

## SWAN SONG FOR MANY CAMPS

No more demobilization at Camp Meade. Five other demobilization centers abandoned.

It has also been decided to discontinue the use of Camps Custer, Bowie, Funston and Jackson, and Ft. Olgethorpe, as demobilization centers, because of the decrease in the number of men returning from overseas. After July 10 no more troops will be sent to these camps for discharge.

The use of Camp Upton as a debarkation camp will be discontinued after July 15 and the use of Boston, Mass., and Charleston, S. C., as ports of debarkation, will be discontinued after July 15.

Due to the discontinuance of the use of these camps, after July 10 men from overseas en route for points in Northern Texas will be sent to Camp Pike for discharge; men for points in the northern and southern peninsula of Michigan will be sent to Camps Grant and Sherman; men for Kansas will be sent to Camp Dodge; men for Tennessee, South Carolina, and Florida will be sent to Camp Gordon; men landing at Newport News and bound for points in Maryland, Delaware and the District of Columbia, and men landing in New York for Maryland, West Virginia, Virginia and the District of Columbia will be sent to Camps Lee and Dix.



## DETACHMENT MESS UNDER NEW REGIME

The Detachment Ritz-Carlton plan restaurant has changed proprietors. Early this week Lt. Bissonnette, our w. k. Detachment Commander, assumed control of the destiny of the stomachs of five hundred-odd detachment men stationed at this hospital. The detachment mess, as explained by Lt. Bissonnette, will be run independent of all the other hospital messes, thereby receiving full benefit of all the allowance. Lt. Bissonnette promises a marked improvement in both the quality and preparation of the food, all purchases and cooking is to be done under his personal supervision. All power to him say we, such improvement will be welcome.

## SOME SERVICE

Here is the place where I worked before  
they told me I'd have to go;  
I'd climbed along to a pretty fair job—it  
made no difference tho;  
They needed me—or the nation did—and  
they didn't make no excuse,  
"Come on," they said, "and we'll show you  
where you'll be of the greatest use."  
So they sized me up for a khaki suit and  
showed me the bunk I drew,  
And they taught me to hate the German  
brute, which wasn't so hard to do.

And they hung a beautiful service flag up  
here where I worked before;  
I've just been told that there ain't no job  
left open for me no more!  
I wish that I could have seen it wave—it  
must uv been mighty fine;  
There's many a boy who is in his grave  
whose star was on there with mine.  
They hung it high on the outer wall, a won-  
derful thing to see,  
And because I went when I got my call they  
sewed on a star for me!

I took my chance as the others did, and it  
wasn't no holiday;  
I have eaten dirt and I've slept in mud out  
where there was hell to pay—  
And they hung up a service flag back here,  
a beautiful thing, I've heard;  
It was meant to show how loyal they were,  
how deeply their hearts were stirred  
Their cheers were loud when I left the town;  
I acknowledged that I was thrilled—  
But the war is done and the flag is down,  
and they tell me my job is filled!

I'm sorry their glorious service flag no longer  
will be displayed;  
What a lot of meaning it must uv had for  
the heroes who got it made!  
They put a star on the thing for me—now  
wasn't that noble, too?  
At present there doesn't appear to be much  
left for a man to do;  
I've walked the town till my feet are sore;  
I'm lonely and sick and broke,  
And I guess my star is a fallen star—and  
their service flag was a joke!

—S. E. KISER, Asheville Advocate.

## IN 1930

Father: "I'm afraid our son is on the downward path."  
Mother: "What's he been doing?"  
Father: "I caught him chewing gum in the barn today."



Poor old Bell had to take a straight out discharge. He had only 18 months more time to fulfill his contract with Uncle Sam.

Sgt. Van Brackle is a very busy man these days. He is severely occupied 'twixt love and duty.

Still waiting to hear some one suggest the watermelon cutting.

Red Armantrout says home is *some* place.

Oteen boys will greatly miss the young ladies from the Normal College. School was out on Tuesday and most of them have returned to their homes.

Gee, but the proof-reader makes a fellow say some awful things at times, doesn't he?

Mr. Coburn gave us a line of new songs on Tuesday night. They were greatly appreciated. Popular stuff is what the boys fall for.

Are you interested in a quartet or a chorus? If you are pleased talked to Secretary Thayer. If this can be put over we can improve the programs one hundred per cent.

Perkinson, of the cty "Y," is swell as a song leader. Whenever he is slated on the program you had best be present.

The past week has been a busy one. One of the good ladies gave a party for some of the Oteen boys, and then the Baracas and Philatheas entertained on Friday night at the church. Every man at Oteen was invited too.

A wreck! No, janitor!

Friend Thomas, who drives our truck of Thursday and Sunday, is at Louisville, Ky. He will drive a portable auto repair shop through the country to Oteen.

WANTED—A Victrola that will stay well and on the job for a week at a time!

On Wednesday evening Dr. C. Alphonso Smith talked to a most interested audience in the Red Cross House, on "American Humor." Dr. Smith, who now has the chair of literature at the Naval Academy in Annapolis, formerly had the Edgar Allan Poe chair at the University of Virginia. Most of us have rendered gratitude and thanks to him for his "Life of O. Henry," and to have him talk from our own platform counts as a real privilege.

If there are any people who have not heard our new three-piece orchestra, we invite them right now to the next Red Cross concert. They may also be heard at dances at the Nurses' Red Cross and the Red Circle in town. Smith at the drums, Capobianca with the violin and Kaufman at the piano are in daily demand wherever lively times are expected.

Every few days, thanks to the sunken garden and the courtesy of Sgt. Ladd and Private Grant, we have lovely vases of cannas and bowls nasturtiums, heliotrope, candy tuft and sweet alyssum. We consider flowers an essential part of the house and, through the thoughtfulness of the people of Asheville and various towns in the state, together with the wonderful specimens from the woods, the house has never been without them since it opened last November.

To have shared in the life of this post for the ten months since the Red Cross House was opened in November, to have had the opportunity of knowing closely and really these soldiers of the Great War, their experiences on this side and overseas, and their dreams and plans for the future has been an experience of inestimable value to the House Mother.

ELIZABETH C. MORRISS.

We want to state for your information that K. of C. have opened a branch office in most of the cities of the United States. The purpose of these new employment bureaus is to secure positions for discharged soldiers, sailors and marines, and any others who have been doing war work either in this country or abroad. Discharged men are required only to fill out blanks as to the kind of positions they are best suited for, and the secretaries of the employment office will do the rest toward getting them a position. We will be glad to furnish any information in this regard.

Patty Donovan can't sing Wednesday night owing to the fact that the Dentist relieved him of his few remaining teeth the other day.

Joe is happy again—three games this week and more coming all the time. Last Saturday he told the team that another Saturday without a game would drive him to the altar.

Bill has had a slight breakdown and has been advised to go to bed for a few days. He will be glad to see his friends at the officers' Infirmary. But he wants every one visiting him to bring a smile.

Joe got up one morning this week and came down to the office in bath robe and slippers to answer the phone. Some of the early birds were playing pool and, as Joe passed the table, one of the players sent a ball into the pocket with some force. Inasmuch, as most of the pocket was minus the ball continued on its way until Joe's little toe stopped it. You will notice that both tables are now adorned with new pockets!

The dance last Saturday was one of the best. Never a better lot of men or a nicer selection of girls. With the installation of the fans we will have even a better place to dance and look forward to parties equally as good as last week.



## OUR ABBREVIATED WORLD

When the U. S. entered the late misunderstanding, one K. C. Jones, B. S. M. A., alumnus of Texas U., '15, and son of J. B. Jones, M. D., later Captain Jones, M. R. C., U. S. A., enlisted at Camp Travis, San Antonio. He became 1st Cl. Pvt. K. C. Jones, No. 244567, Co., A, C. A. C. Frequently he was arrested by the M. P. and given K. P. for A. W. O. L. in S. A.

In due time he sailed on the U. S. S. Olympic with the A. E. F. En route a U-boat attacked the transport. P. D. Q., K. C. released a depth bomb full of T. N. T., a complete K. O. resulting. A second U-craft came up, and to the four winds went the S. O. S. (old C. Q. D.) The new menace was the Hun U-2. Said K. C. to the C. O. of the U-2: "You, too—you old I. W. W.!" And a fast bomb got him O. K. For this K. C. drew the D. S. C. at G. H. Q., from Gen. J. J. P. (hope of G. O. P., 1920) In a "Y" in Nancy he met a W. A. A. C., and they wedded on the Q. T.

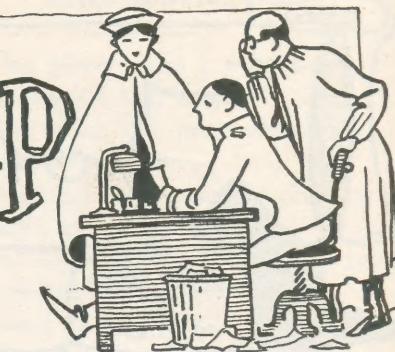
After the armistice was signed, the now 1st Lieut. K. C. and Mrs. K. C. returned to the U. S. A., docking at Trampken, N. J. Across the country they journeyed in a frisky oil-bus—F. O. B. Detroit. (N. B.—Being out of funds, K. C. borrowed the price of the tin barouche from a buddy on his I. O. U.)

Reaching sunny Texasland, K. C. got a sit. with the G. P. & T. A. of the I. G. N., while Mrs. K. C. joined the W. C. C. S. The happy pair are at home, R. F. D. 1, 234."

The M. P.'s sure did make Dad do some tall stepping last Sunday eve. But we all wonder what the fair Lizzie in pink thought of them! Ask Sarge Ol' Boy of I-10, he knows!

# Ward Gossip

EDITED BY THE PATIENTS



## ARRIVAL OF INCOMING PATIENTS

(Week ending July 22, 1919.)

Pvt. Wm. A. Finch, 312 Serv. Bn.; Pvt. Mosely, Co. D, 49 Inf.; Pvt. Joseph DeTheron E. Walker, P. E. S.; Pvt. Will hart, Co. A, 114 Inf.; Pvt. 1st Cl. Chas. I. Burgess, Co. E, 811 Pion. Inf.; Pvt. Lester G. Dyke, Co. H, Ord. Dept.; Sgt. Ira R. Corbin, 31st Repl. Co.; Wagoner Sidney O. Tucker, Demob. Camp; Pvt. Willie L. Scott, Co. E, 317 Inf.; Wagoner David C. Thompson, Supp. Co., 322 Inf.; Pvt. James McCrillis, Co. K, 166 Inf.; Pvt. John H. Diner, Co. G, 359 Inf.; Pvt. Herschell Story, M. D., 319 Inf.; Pvt. John W. Patterson, Co. A, 326 M. G. Bn.; Pvt. Eunice Thomas, 413 Serv. Bn.; Pvt. Albert Lisby, Co. A, 313 M. G. Bn.; Pvt. Lawrence Gardner, Co. A, 306 M. T. C.; Pvt. John F. Mentzer, Edq. Co., 12 F. A.; Pvt. M. Ashworth, 540 Engr.; Cook D. Royal, Co. H, 321 Inf.; Pvt. Frisby Davis, Co. D, 804 T. C.; Cook Harry Rose, Co. H, 12 Inf.; Pvt. Luther Moore, Co. D, 520 Engr.; Pvt. Willie W. D. Davis, 836 T. C.; Pvt. John W. Hill, Co. A, 340 Serv. Bn.; Pvt. Joseph Penn, Co. 45, Dep. Serv.; Cook Richard Jenkins, Co. I, 34 Inf.; Sgt. Vernon Johns, Co. B, Demob. Grp.; Pvt. Phillips L. Hatchell, Co. B, Demob. Grp.; Cpl. Robert A. Lancaster, G. M. C.; Pvt. 1st Cl. Montgomery Johnson, 318 F. H.; Pvt. Orris Bumpus, Co. B, 108 Engr.; Pvt. Raymond Dossin, Co. B, 54 Inf.; Pvt. 1st Cl. Wm. Wynn, Co. C, 304 Lb. Bn.; 21 Vet. Co., Vet. Corps; Pvt. George Thompson, 866 T. C.; Pvt. Henry Faulkner, Co. H, 806 Pin. Inf.; Mech. G. H. Sparkman, Post Engr., C. R. O.; Cpl. Wm. E. Humphrey, Co. M, 110 Inf.; Pvt. Joel Magaha, Co. D, 55 Inf.; Pvt. Henry Hubbard, Co. F, 814 Prov. Inf.; Pvt. Chas. Sharkey, Co. I, 165 Inf.; Pvt. John Davis, 317 S. O. S.

Minister: "Do you believe in a hereafter?"

Youth: "It will be an injustice if there isn't one. I haven't been able to find the top sergeant of my company since the regiment was demobilized.—Judge.

## TELL HIM NOW!

If with pleasure you are viewing any work a man is doing.

If you like him or if you love him, tell him now;

Don't withhold your approbation till the parson makes oration,

And he lies with snowy lilies o'er his brow;

For no matter how you shout it, he won't really care about it.

He won't know how many tear-drops you have shed;

If you think some praise is due him, now's the time to slip it to him!

For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

More than fame and more than money is the common kind and sunny

And the hearty, warm approval of a friend,

For it gives to life a savor, and it makes you stronger, braver,

And it gives you heart and spirit to the end.

If he earns your praise—bestow it;

If you like him, let him know it,

Let the words of true encouragement be said;

Do not wait till life is over and he's underneath the clover,

For he cannot read his

Tombstone  
when he's  
Dead.

Ex.

Fond Parent: "Did you hear my daughter sing?"

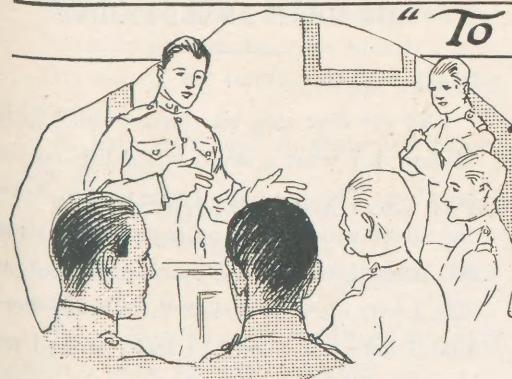
Returned Soldier: "Yes."

Fond Parent: "What did you think of the range?"

Returned Soldier: "I should say she ought to kill at three miles."

—Whizz-Bang.

*"To uplift and to build"*



# Reconstruction

## PSYCHOLOGICAL AND STATISTICAL DIVISION

This division has been made responsible for the publicity work of the Reconstruction department of the hospital. Plans are being made to bring all phases of the Reconstruction work to the attention of every patient of Oteen with greater emphasis, if possible, than under the present method of advertising. First Lieut. William R. Boone, one of the new members of the staff and Miss Camilla Ball, Reconstruction Aide, will give their special attention to any one needing suggestions concerning the classes and work in Reconstruction. Miss Ball may be found at work in Ward C-2. Lieut. Boone may be found at Room 20, Reconstruction Building.

## THE AIDES HAVE ADOPTED A NEW SLOGAN; IT READS: "NO COMMENTS"

Out of the frying pan into the fire quothe the N-8 girls. It is true that a road ran past their former ward-barracks, but at least they had altitude to protect them and the passer-bys were fewer in number, moreover the guard's path of duty did not lie past their door.

Miss Webster trying to make an appointment with the mongue. She thought it was the dentist!

Lt. McKay is trying to find an aide with a blue sweater and red collar—asks everybody—offers reward for return.

Moving day—2 hours' notice—no comments.

I am a young worker named Hoyle, And I sure got as sore as a boil, When I heard Miss Scott say, "Is that thing a tray?" When over my slipper I toil.

## CAPTAIN MORGAN

Captain John J. B. Morgan, Sanitary Corps, has become Chief of Reconstruction Service at Oteen, relieving Captain Samuel M. North.

The new Chief was Professor of Psychology at Princeton University before the war. In common with many other University men, he entered into war work early, joining the service first at Camp Dix in the fall of 1917 as a civilian, engaged in the preliminary work of psychological examining. A few months later he was commissioned in the Sanitary Corps, and after special training in the School of Military Psychology at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., he went to Camp Hancock, Ga., as Chief Psychological Examiner.

After the armistice, Captain Morgan was transferred to the Division of Physical Reconstruction, and became Chief Educational Officer at the Base Hospital, Camp Pike, Ark. The Camp Pike hospital was closed recently, and Captain Morgan came on to Oteen to relieve Captain North, who has returned to civil life. Captain Morgan is fitted for his work here, both by training and by experience, and he has been welcomed with the greatest satisfaction by the Oteen community. The members of the Reconstruction staff, in particular, have been glad to receive him, and they look forward with pleasure to being associated with him.



COLORED PATIENTS

## COMMERCIAL ART CLASS

A new class has been formed in Commercial Art. Miss Beehler, who in civil life was a professional designer and, as an Aide, taught Commercial Art at Fort Reilly, will be in charge of this class. Any form of design is taught for the asking. Freehand drawing, poster, magazine advertisements, sign-painting and photo retouching. Better come and try your hand! The more the merrier.

A few gay sweaters is all that is needed now to give the woods around I-2 the appearance of a popular summer resort, thanks to the arrival of a number of well-filled hammocks hung amongst the trees.

I-7 is reaping where it sowed—radishes, lettuce and tomatoes are now on the bill of fare.

The Katydids and tree frogs should be made to observe the 10:30 rule.

I think I will leave  
If they don't come weave  
Sighed a Reconstruction Aide one day.  
Now it's more looms she's wantin'  
Where to get 'em is haunting  
That Aide with weavers today.

One would think from the number of pocket books manufactured by the Reconstruction Department that every "Red Stripe" expected to "tote a big roll" when he gets out of "this man's army."

There is something significant in the way in which the boys make their belts—about eight inches larger than their present waist measurement. Evidently they expect real home cooking is going to do wonders when they get back to their civil waist band.



## BEHIND THE BARS

B

Freddy Moon broke a coupling the other day and went into the repair shop to have it repaired. The mechanic in the repair shop did a good job but the Moon will be in eclipse for a few days.

★ ★

Sputum square will be minus one of its most famous attractions for some weeks. Yep, the "Cootie" will be absent. Rumor has it that the "Cootie" is for sale. Slowly the old landmarks are passing away.

★ ★

Capt. McIntosh is hot on the trail of an automobile. He has looked at about three dozen automobiles and five Fords, but has found none to suit him. Must be waterproof, have a silent motor, and be guaranteed chiggerless.

★ ★

Lieut. Williams is back from a tour to the North Atlantic coast and makes affidavit that there is still plenty of moisture in and near such villages as New York, Philadelphia, and "Bawsting." While in Washington, the Lieut. got mixed up in the race riots and nearly got shot, he can prove it by showing you the spot where he nearly got hit. However, he does not say which side took him for a member of the other gang.

★ ★

"15-2" and "15-4," the new language for field officers, is still the medium for most of the discussions and debates in the recreation room.

★ ★

Capt. Malone dropped in and spent a few hours with us the other day. Come again, Capt. Visit us often.

★ ★

We are sorry that some of the ladies seemed peeved over the party. Cannot understand how they happened to be overlooked. We are strong for the beautiful and charming, and feel sure that we did not pass up any chances. They must have hidden themselves like modest violets behind a haystack.

Lieut. Brooker, one of the political giants of the South, is still discussing and pondering the great questions of the hour. He still refuses to commit himself on any question and, pending his decision, congress has decided to adjourn.

★ ★

Lieut. Cronan is not sure whether he will join the army or remain in the Fighting Quartermaster Corps.

★ ★

The South Porch Jazz Orchestra is becoming quite popular and are finding many demands for their services at the social functions in the city. Transportation furnished.

★ ★

The "Backwoodsmen" seem rather upset over their new home. So far from the garage, dontcherknow.

★ ★

Adjutants seem to be the vogue. Hart-Shaffner-Brady is the latest to acquire one. Must admire his judgment in picking one with a fliv.

★ ★

The West Side gang submit their candidate in open competition for the All-American Championship Snoring Trophy in the Loud, Awful, and Horrible classes.

★ ★

Looks as tho we will loose one of the Boy Scouts via the Adoption route.

★ ★

"Loot" Charlie Smith, after having been confined to camp for several weeks by a slight indisposition, is out greeting old friends. The K. O. Sou. E. Dep't. pronounced a false diagnosis and declared the "Loot" out of danger. "Loot" has a hidden charm that makes him most popular.

### BILL MEETS AN OLD FRIEND

Maude, old dere:-

Did yer ever stop ter think (which girls seldom do) what a small world this one of oun' is. The other day I wuz walkin down the street with nothin on my mind but my hat when I feels a wallop on my shoulder like I wuz hit with won of them heavy Berthas I heres tell about. I looks around ter see who shot me and looks inter the handsome mug of one of the fellers I used ter knock around with in the days they sold hard licker without an apology. He wuz one of these lads what swore by the big city and wouldn't want ter be found dead two miles frum the street of many temptations. He wuz a regular dyed in the wool gallop-in lizard and made his existence by skippin around a slippery floor in an imitation fifth avenoo tailored suit and smiled at all the women patrons of the palace of joy. Now, here he wuz in this remote uncivilized burg, lookin the same as ever, exceptin that he wuz the least bit shop worn and lots more breezy. It seems as how with the comin of the two and three-quarter per cent., the beverage bizness had kinder fallen off and the joy bizness receivin an awful crimp in consequence. And now he is sellin pants or somethin ter keep away the wolf frum the main entrance. Yep, this is a queer old world, and yer never kin tell if ter-morrow won't be lots worse than ter-day. So make the most of ter-day, say I.

Casualty around these parts is gettin kind of heavy. It's gettin so that every time yer step inter an automobile yer figger up ter see if yer life insurance premiums are paid up ter date. Spare parts are hangin on most every bush and the roads seem ter be somethin ter use ter slide off of. Seems as how there is a smash up or another most every day, and even walkin' isn't as near as safe as it uster be. Machines have takin the habit of runnin off the road and turnin upside down and spillin itself and the contents over the county. Some folks say its because of reckless drivin, but it 'pears as if that can't be so, cause every driver I spoke ter that had an axident put it up ter his machine. They'd make good in the army, the way they passes the buck.

No news what wood interest yer much. Could tel yer all about the gals I play around wit here, but don't want ter make yer jealous.

Yours still lively,

BILL.

**DON'T IT KEEP YUH HUMPIN'?**

To keep up with the 'pass rules?  
To sew on the buttons that the laundry  
takes off?

To have your bunk in shape for inspection  
at 7:15?

To keep your shoes from lookin as tho  
they were white ducks?

To keep your duds in shape when Hor-  
nick's office is out of stock?

To get your name in the Oteen so as yer  
folks'll think yer liked at camp?

To get that all night pass?

To get that nurse from Barracks No. 2,  
to the phone in Barracks No. 3?

To get to the dance at Laurel Park and  
the one at the K. C. all in one night?

And all on \$3.75 a week?

To figure out how you can come under  
Circular 77?

To dodge them M. P.'s?

And Prees?

To snook around I-5 without the W. S.  
gettin' wise?

Oh, Boy! Don't it keep yuh humpin'?

**BAY STATE SONS GET \$100 BONUS**

Every Massachusetts resident who was in the service of the United States in either the Army, Navy, or Marine Corps during the Great War is eligible to receive from the Commonwealth \$100 under the recently enacted bonus bill. Furthermore it makes no difference whether the person is discharged or in the service, so long as his record is clean and properly certified.

State Treasurer Charles L. Burrill, of Massachusetts, says that all that is necessary is to secure one of the application blanks which are now ready for distribution at Room 370, State House, Boston, and at the Treasurer's Office will pay the \$100 over without a whimper.

**SPEAKING OF HEROES**

Since the *Observer* tried the K. C. B. stuff, we have had a hankering to try it for ourselves, so here goes:

Attended a fire the other night.

Was not invited

to this conflagration but just horned in.

It was a big truck and

the gas was leaking

out and some dub had set the

gas on fire.

It was a real nice fire

And a whole lot of

firemen and auto mechanics were

there and they used up about

two dozen Pyrenes

and a lot of other stuff but

the fire burned on

just the same.

There was great excitement and

the big fire truck came

and poured the whole

Swannanoa River

into the pool of gas but the fire

kept burning because

the gas kept running into the blaze.

And it looked as tho the truck

would burn up

and the whole gang was greatly

excited over it and

the sergeants and firemen and

the O. D. gazed in helpless fear at

the fire.

And some one had a bright idea

and we all got behind the

truck and pushed it away from the

fire and the fire had

no more gas running into it and

went out.

It was a nice fire and so thrilling

and the firemen were so

brave and efficient.

—C. E. G.

**REGULAR DANCES**

The post officers "every other Thursday" dances have, we hope, become an institution. And now, under Miss Lyall's happy leadership, informal Monday night dances have been initiated to help knock the blues out of blue Monday.

It is always hard to decide, in any dance program, whether one most enjoys the "regulars," or the "extras," but we're perfectly sure about the recent officer-patients' dance, for although it was an "extra," it was at the same time a "regular" dance! The music was good, the company was good, the decorations were unique and, as for the "eats" —well, we'd hate to say how many of those delicious little sandwiches, not to mention other small items like ice-cream, macaroons and punch, we managed to put away.

We say, "On with the dancing, let joy be —well, we won't qualify! Others have done that before us. Which puts us in mind of a limerick:

There was a young "loosey" named Jimmie,  
To whom a sweet aide taught the shimmy;  
It brought him much joy,  
But he murmured, "Oh, boy,  
I'd hate for the home folks to simme."

—Blue Jay.

**IN THE ARMY**

Bostonians call it "nourishment,"

Plain people call it "food,"

Some fellers even call it "grub,"

But "chow" to me sounds good.

"Mess" suggests a mixup,

Or else a railroad wreck;

Old-fashioned hash comes near it,

But eats are eats, by heck!

**DID IT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?**

# The BATTLES of BRUNO

(Oteen's Own War Story)

By MAJOR DAMMSORE

(Synopsis of Previous Chapters.)

Hope you liked the new line that Bruno followed last week—taking that “personality” course from the Benedict Arnold institute. The company didn’t like our description of it—too prosaic we were, they said. And besides their representative gave us a fine razzing because it was affecting his trade in Asheville and Oteen. When it comes to personality, he says it is as evident in these parts as beer parties are at the Grove Park Inn, and that he’d be a millionaire if we’d lay off him for a while longer. He confided in us he was just beginning to get his hooks into some of our fashionable folks at Oteen. We saw his list—and two aspiring 2nd “loots” are in for a double measure course. They are about to kick back into civil circles, where they need more than their glistening bars to see ‘em through. By the way, we met young x-2nd Lt. Ollie Bumps on Patton avenue yesterday. He was quite some important person in the War Department in the early days of this Post. He lived up to his name so well they put the skids under Ollie and away he went. He is a funny looking jake in civies. We slapped him on the back, twisted him about, flipped his neck-tie to the winds—he arguing all the time Oteen never knew good men. He became quite indignant when I told him I wouldn’t hire him on one of my old man’s contracting wagons—mule driver. But, hurrah! the war will soon be over at Oteen, then we’ll tell a lot of ‘em an earful.

And there are the other kind of “loots”—just as regular as the day is long—but susceptible like our old slob friend Bruno, when it comes to the “cuties.” We’ve got one in our limited acquaintance who started out to play one of our little town vamps—and bedazzle her with the color of his small money—and the whiteness of his soul and a uniform that makes him look like a first-grade porter. Well, the weeks have run on and all the time our money has been on this rooster—yet we had a sneakin’ regard for the game the “bird” was playing. Well, the cards fell into our hands the other day and this big-town Lathario has fallen for this “gal” like Jess did for Demp—first round. He’s chawing up his roll like a gormand for auto-toots, feeding bills and general damn foolishness. But you know we wouldn’t have the horse laughs pulled

off on us that we’re giving this rooster for a million—yet love hit unfortunate—he’ll not come out of his young dream until some one gives him a boost that will hist him over Bookatchel Mountain.

But to Bruno and that Lovely Lady, who we left a couple of weeks ago on the porch. Heaven knows what they’ve been doing all that time. Perhaps talked about the League of Notions, the benefit of 95 per cent. on the human system, the possibility of our getting out of this derned army—and then the moon came up, and, as we remember it, they were talking of love. Also they were holding hands. Then into the scene came that ferocious-looking gent, with the scary line of talk—the wicked eye—and advanced line of talk for the Conn. Mutual. But let us sneak up on them—and get their drift:

## CHAPTER XXIX.

“Yeh,” Bruno was saying, “you certainly have a pair of swell lamps on you. I’ll tell the world you have.”

“Oh, do you think so?” responded the



THEN CAME THAT FEROCIOUS GENT WITH  
THE WICKED EYE.

lovely lady, “ain’t you awful strong?”

“Want to feel my muscle?” asked Bruno, bunching up the old biceps.

“My,” screamed the lovely lady, “why you are a reguar Sandow.”

“Some muscle,” said Bruno modestly. “I

hit a guy on the nose once and it is running yet.”

There was a long silence. Now and then Bruno looked anxiously at the lovely lady.

“Don’t you get it?” he asked.

“What’s that?” said the lovely lady.

“That crack I just made,” said Bruno with a hint of impatience in his voice, “it was a comic crack.”

“Yes?”

“Sure,” said Bruno, “I told you I hit a guy on the nose once, and it is running yet.”

“Oh, my!” exclaimed the lovely lady excitedly, “that is good. How do you think of all those clever lines?”

“It’s hard to say. More than half the time they just come to me like that one did like they was lightning out of a clear sky. And then sometimes I make them up when I get home. Often lying in my bed I think of good ones I might have sprung. Some of the best comic cracks I have ever thought up, come to me on my way home.”

The great pale moon was riding the heavens now like a white wreath of victory and amid the wreck of war. From dew-drenched lands soft scents of Spring hung in the hushed air. Ever and anon the unseen choristers of earth burst into the myriads of the little peoples of the world, the night-loving insect life. The distant roar of a water-fall rose to the stooping heavens. In such surroundings sat Bruno and the lovely lady, figures of youth and high romance, ensnared in the meshes of the little love god’s net.

Who is there of human mould who, looking on such a scene and thrilling to the soft words of love as put down above, would not be stirred by the ever-recurring meaning of the picture?

We don’t know that there is anybody, as a matter of fact. We just put that question in to round out all that prose-poetry stuff we were pulling in such fine shape.

Now we must leave them until next week when we guarantee that there will be enough excitement to knock your eye out. As a matter of fact, we was sort of afraid to be as exciting as we could have been in this chapter. In the first place, it is terrible warm weather for excitement and, in the second place, we were taught a lesson when we wrote that mystery chapter.

(To be continued.)



Our interest in "what the men will wear" leans more towards the derby and roll of the lapel than it does towards the issue of spiral puttees or the abolition of the dress uniform. For our eyes are set on that discharge day (not far distant we hope), when we will take the old "Benny" out of camphor, look it over, have the velvet collar changed and make it last another season. So, really changes in khaki styles should "roll off our knife."

However, one change ordered not very long ago we note with sincere regret. Not that we hope to be effected by it, we should be changing from straw to derby by the time it becomes effective hereabouts, but with it goes one of the most picturesque as well as practicable bits of our army. The campaign hat has been ordered ditched, to be replaced by the garrison cap. The arbiters of army style have their own good reason for effecting this change we hope; we, however, feel that the soldier is losing a dogged good friend. Our own felt-top-piece has stuck with us since early army days and now we wouldn't swap it in for the best hat Mr. Stetson ever turned out of his factory. It has been a pillow, umbrella, parasol, shoe-rag, water-bucket, fly-swatter, handkerchief, and the Lord only knows what else to us. We stood guard for hours in a steady down-pour, only to get back to our bunk, borrow an electric iron and rejuvenate our water-soaked friend to as good as new. We have visions of it's successor, the garrison cap, after its first watery christening. It'll probably have to be hung up on the line to dry, like last week's wash.

With the passing of the campaign hat goes a tradition of the American Army. That little touch of color, which marked the soldier as a care-free son of the plains is relegated to the past, and he is left a drab-olive figure. Campaign hat, farewell; you're served!

*The Observer.*

## DOIN'S OF OUR OWN WHITE WAY

If you don't read the Oteen you're cheating yourself.

As we tried to say last week this journal hasn't a scruple. We'll rob orphans, assail our mother-in-law—but it gets our nany to see ths he-vamp Gloom Zabin play so drnd unfaithful to this trusting chicken up Spring Lake way! Sh'll be doing well to inquire of all these midnight auto rides, and wild toots into neighboring townships, with that actorine.

Our grub factory has changed ownership—hereafter our foster-father and Detachment commander, Lt. Bissonnette, will see us through, in the eating line. We are looking forward to seven course meals with wine, and music if the profits warrant.

Our local police blotter had a very prominent name affixed the other day. Our own Editor Radford strolled into camp with no other credentials than his spiral puttees. He was promptly hauled before the magistrate and released on suspended sentence, pending his good behavior. When interviewed Sgt. Radford said, "the guards are damn fools."

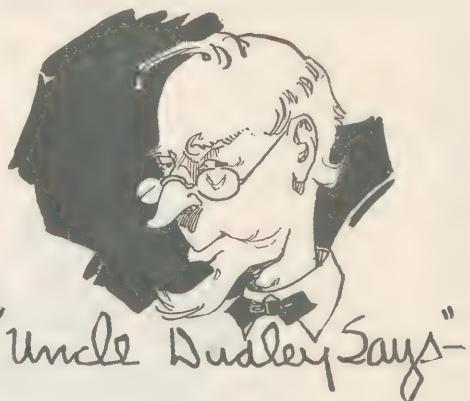
We are grieved to learn that Count Gilligan, one of our few remaining shanty-Irishmen, expects to leave our section for home parts. Flat feet did it. "Mrs." Knight is now the only low-brow left.

The city local's "sassiety" column announce the departure of Sgt. Loewy, who is visiting New York and points north. We'll say that's enterprise; no one here at camp missed him.

Our local grocery store, the Q. M. Commissary, have been promising to sell us Hump cigarettes fer six en a fraction cents nigh onto seven weeks—en no Humps yet. Come on, Mike and Co., you ain't in the army now!

Editing these small town papers is sure Hell. From fourteen sources our staff of two have been threatened fer telling the truth—but like Wm. J. Bryan, Oscar Wilde, and old Sam North, we're going to stick to our ship—en shoot off our traps when things ain't to our liking!

'Tis noticed the he-division of the Reconstruction fairyland are up and leaving us. And don't the devils try to make us rough fellers jealous. They sport up in their nicest summery clothes, and stink themselves up with perfume en everything. Sure, if we catch them out after dark there's liable to be an assault against their fair persons.



"Notus tht sum o' th' Nuss ladies seem sorter peeved at sumpin' tht happened at th' dance what th' O. P. fellers giv down t' th' Red House th' 'tother nite. Got real sassy like, by gum."

★ ★

"Hev notused sumpin' o' th' sort take place at sum o' th' shin digs what yer Ole Uncle hez bin shakin' a leg at. Howsumver, I allus takes it tht when ye see a shemale bein' neglected by th' female tribe, there shore iz sumpin' powerful wrong with tht shemale. Ginerly she hez a dill pickle disposition en a sour apple face."

★ ★

"Which leads yer Ole Uncle t' opine ez fellers: ye never see th' bees a buzzin' round a vinegar barrel ner butterflies a hangin' on t' a sourgrass."

★ ★

"Yer ole Uncle iz reminded o' tht ole sayin, which runs ez fellers: 'Smile, en th' hull durned gang camps on yer doorstep; grouch—en ye play solytare.'"

★ ★

"Seems tht air *Helen* female wuz sorter out o' sorts also. Wall, all yer Ole Uncle kin see iz tht all enny bunch o' fellers kin do iz t' giv a party en invite folks t' kum t' it, en ef a female don't hev th' personality ner th' pussonel charm tht makes fellers tramp on each others' feet—a crowdin' up t' her, she iz jest plumb outen luck, tht's all."

★ ★

"Ye kin lead a man t' a shemale but ye can't *make* him go 'nuts' about th' critter, nohow, noway!"

★ ★

"P. S.—Yer Ole Uncle made it a pint t' git a good squint at this here *Helen*, en all he hez t' say iz tht she don't never need t' be lonesum no more a-tall. Them there O. P. fellers shore iz dubs t' pass up a little gal like tht. Giv em thunder *Helen*, yer Ole Uncle iz fer ye frum Dan t' Beersheby!"



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Post Exchange

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Fountains, and Soft Drink  
Stands in the City.

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ALL KINDS OF SANDWICHES AND LUNCHES  
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CLEAN—NOT SHRUNKEN OR TORN. WE SPECIALIZE  
ON SOLDIERS' LAUNDRY.

## ASHEVILLE LAUNDRY

PENLAND STREET

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

ME!

When I'd crossed the old Atlantic  
I was feeling close to frantic  
At the prospect so romantic

Of that welcome to the boys.  
So I started making speeches  
To the lemons and the peaches,  
Every one within the reaches  
Of my noise.

How the General did abuse me;  
How the doctors did misuse me;  
How the "Y" did not amuse me,  
Noble hero that I am!  
See! The papers all report me!  
Senators all swarm to court me!  
Let the U. S. A. support me,  
Uncle Sam!

I will kick about the diet;  
I will start a little riot;  
What they order, I'll defy it,  
Noble hero that I am!  
When they make me a civilian  
With that chevron of vermillion,  
They will think I'm worth a million  
(But I won't be worth a damn!)

—P. J. W.

### A. E. F. DIALECT USED BY SAMMIES

This conversation overheard at the Hotel Pavillion, Y. M. C. A. hotel for enlisted men in Paris, is a fair sample of how the doughboys are talking now.

"When do you expect to go home?"

"Toot sweet, and the tooter the sweeter.  
I've got a job waiting for me that pays thirty  
moons a week instead of thirty a month."

"Thirty discs. That's sure beaucoup  
l'argent. You must have somebody fooled  
into thinking you one bon homme."

"I'll admit it. I've also got one tres jolie  
little lady waiting back there that looks better  
than pleasures and palaces to me."

"Tres bien, old kid. I'm for you."

All of which gives some idea of the dialect  
the folks at home will hear when the boys  
get home. Toute de suite (oot sweet),  
beaucoup (boku), tres jolie (tray jo-lee), and  
tres bien (tray bien) have wholly supplanted  
right away, many, very pretty, and very  
well, in the conversation of all the Americans  
here, and probably will be permanently  
grafted on the English language as one  
result of the war.

## INTERESTING STATISTICS

456,654 people in this country think there is a certain distinction attached to riding in a taxicab.

★ ★

345,543 men who are damfools imagine they possess temperament.

★ ★

88,999 young men take a talking machine with them when they go canoeing. Four per cent. of these talking machines are mechanical.

★ ★

36,890,767 peanut butter sandwiches were consumed at picnic lunches during June.

+ +

The negro population of this country is about 10,000,000. Zero per cent. of these are employed as night-watchmen in cemeteries.

★ ★

There are 88,999 flivver-aces in this country; ace\* being a flivver driver who has run over five or more chickens.

★ ★

24,222,333 women made this original remark last week: "Oh, I just love to cook but I do hate to wash dishes."

—Ex.

Old Curiosity Shopper: "Oh, my dear boy, how is your leg?"

Dear Boy: "Fine thanks. How's your?"

## A New Portrait Of You Would Please Them at Home.

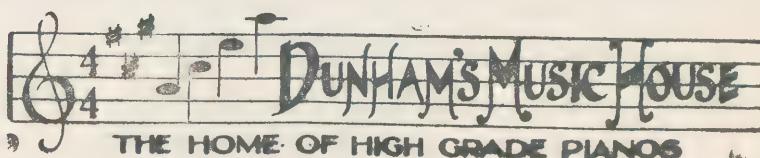


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**The Pelton Studio**  
Next to Princess Theatre

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**Coca-Cola**

EVERY BOTTLE  
STERILIZED



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## CHOP SUEY

AT THE CHINESE AND AMERICAN RESTAURANT AND  
ORIENTAL ROOF GARDEN LOCATED AT 8 N. PACK SQ.

*Private Booths. Music. Open until 12 midnight. The only one in Asheville.*

FOLKS SAY WE HAVE THE BEST COOK IN TOWN. PERHAPS SHE ISN'T THE BEST, BUT WE KNOW SHE IS ONE OF THE BEST FROM THE WAY FOLKS ENJOY OUR MEALS. PRICES WITHIN REASON.

## The Haywood Grill

33 HAYWOOD ST.

PHONE 1651

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

## “WEAVERVILLE LINE”

### Cars Leave Asheville Every Hour on the Hour

from 9:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. except 2:00 p.m. Also at 6:30 a.m., 6:30 p.m., 8:00 and 10:00 p.m. On Sundays at 9:00, 10:30, and 11:00 a.m. 1:00 p.m. and every hour until 6:00 p.m. 8:00 and 10:00 p.m.

### WEAVERVILLE

IN THE FOOTHILLS OF THE CRAGGY MOUNTAINS

DANCING AT LAKE JUANITA  
TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS 8:30 TO 11: P.M.

Office and Waiting Room  
35 Broadway

Asheville & East Tennessee Railroad Company

### AMERICAN LEGION BUTTON IS READY

A button adopted by the National Executive Committee of the American Legion as the official emblem of the national organization of four million American veterans of the great war will be distributed in a few days to members of the Legion through State branches and local posts throughout the country. An enlarged design of the button, unless changed by the National Convention at Minneapolis in November, will also be used as the basis for the official seal of the Legion.

The button is three-quarters of an inch in diameter. It consists of a central small replica of the regulation bronze five-pointed star discharge button, surrounded by a narrow circular band of blue enamel, containing the words "American Legion" in gold letters. The button has a fluted gold edge. The central replica of the discharge button will be silver instead of bronze for members of the Legion who were wounded in the service.

The necessary steps will be taken by the Legislative Committee of the American Legion, headed by former Senator Luke Lea, of Tennessee, and former Congressman Thomas W. Miller, of Delaware, to have the emblem copyrighted and its use fully protected.

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**THE BUSY CORNER**

PHONES: PRESCRIPTIONS 116, SUNDRIES 117, YOURS 117

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BUYS ALL OF ITS  
FISH

FROM  
The  
Asheville Fish  
Company

What an Endorsement  
for QUALITY this is!



"Say, buddy, did you get yours?" "That invitation we were speaking of with the help of some of the girls of Asheville, the War Camp Community Service has sent to each incoming patient a cordial invitation to use the Club. The card has a Red Circle seal at the top. It runs, 'You are cordially invited to use freely the Red Circle Club at 16 Broadway. Be sure to come to the party every Thursday night, and to the dance every Saturday. The Club has *all the comforts of home* and, in the cafeteria, meals are served at cost. You will also enjoy the piano, victrola, games, magazines and newspapers.'"

These invitations were distributed at Oteen thru the aid of the Red Cross.

It's time to pray for the girls, says a Boston pastor. Time was when the men were the Cain-raisers, but the frailer sex has now outdistanced them. We're getting too many girls with "free and easy manners"—sort o' democratic, as it were—into this country from abroad, quoth the Reverend. Well, now that the country's going dry—wot's a feller gona do?

U. S. General Hospital No. 19  
buy most of its eggs from

**The  
Western Produce  
Company**

Doesn't this speak well for  
Western Produce quality?

Ask your grocer for Western  
Produce Eggs.

## U. S. ARMY HOSPITAL No. 12

AND

## U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 19

USE

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CREAMERY  
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**J. E. CARPENTER**

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Japanese Matting and Cane Suitcases, from	\$1.25 to \$8.50
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Real leather from	\$8.75 to \$35.00

**Bon Marche**

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A small, well equipped print shop, now operating, can be purchased at favorable price. Owner has not time to give to it and other business. Splendid opportunity to make some money and build a good paying business.

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ROGERS' PRINTSHOP DOES SMALL JOBS IN A BIG WAY—TRY US

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how much a good business training would mean to you when you return to civilian life? Our appointment by the Government as a Vocational Training School, speaks eloquently of the character of work we are doing. Special rates of tuition to men who have been in the Service. For particulars call or write

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ASHEVILLE, N. C.

### T Room

WEAVERVILLE

Specialties: Home-Made Corn Bread, Rolls, Bread, Marshmallow Cake. Have Dinner with us and then go to the Dance Tuesdays and Fridays. Everything cooked under the personal supervision of the Proprietor.

### VETS WILL WIELD BIG INFLUENCE

American veterans of the world war are to plan an important part in fixing the country's permanent military policy, Senator Wadsworth, chairman of the senate military affairs committee, announced this week.

In commenting upon the military committee's appointment of a sub-committee to begin hearings at once on legislation reorganizing the army on a permanent basis, Wadsworth said that the American Legion and other veterans organizations will be invited to submit their views.

Wadsworth outlined the goal toward which the committee will work in framing a bill, when he said:

"It is hoped that congress will write a military policy for the United States which will be acceptable to the people, democratic in character, elastic in its mechanical workings, and capable of providing the country with an adequate defense."

Hearings will be granted "officers and civilians, representatives of the American Legion and other veterans' organizations and educational systems," Wadsworth said.

Universal military training will be one of the first matters urged on the special sub-committee, headed by Wadsworth, which begins hearings within a few days. A strong fight will be made both for and against it. Among other questions which the committee must decide in framing the military policy, members indicated tonight, are these:

Whether the general staff system of army control shall be accepted, with its centralization of power, or the control divided among

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It will be a great pleasure to show them every courtesy, and to render them any service.**

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**RED CIRCLE**  
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Writing room, reading rooms, piano, victrola, your home newspaper, party every Thursday night, dance every Saturday night.

"The place where all good fellows meet."

Come to see us when you're in town.

**Dancing Laurel Park**  
Monday, Wednesday, Friday  
9.30 to 12.30 P. M.  
**Open Air Pavilion**

## NEW RULES FOR "BATTLE CLASPS"

The following changes have been made in the regulations governing awards of battle clasps of the war service medal, known as the Victory Medal:

Battle clasps will be awarded for each of the major operations and for occupation of defensive sectors. Only one defensive sector clasp will be awarded to any individual. To be eligible to receive a battle clasp, the officer or enlisted man must have been actually present, under competent orders, with his organization during its period of engagement.

Each officer or enlisted man serving in the First Army area between August 30 and November 11, 1918; in the Second Army area between October 12 and November 11, 1918, will be entitled to a defensive sector clasp, irrespective of awards for major operations. Each officer or enlisted man serving in an area under French, British, Belgian or Italian command between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1918, will be entitled to a defensive sector clasp. Those present in engagements in European Russia since August 15, 1918, will be entitled to defensive sector clasps.

Pvt. C. J. Jones wishes to announce that his "One Lung Quartette" is now open for engagements. All kinds of plain and fancy singing done on short notice and satisfaction guaranteed.

## Learn the Latest Dances

THE MISSES FINLEY

*Dancing Teachers*

Private lessons by appointment.  
Dancing every Tuesday and Friday,  
8 to 11 p.m. Elks' Building, entrance  
Walnut Street.

55c a Couple

Phone 2171

**SOLDIERS FEAR LAND FIGHT**

In an editorial headed "Farms for Soldiers," the current issue of "The American Legion Weekly" says returned veterans of the world war are waiting with keen interest to see how Congress meets the issue of providing lands for them under the Lane plan.

"The question of soldier settlement shortly will come to an issue in Congress," says the weekly. "One need not doubt that the rolling barrage of a landholders' lobby has been chartered. There are ample evidences that narrow selfishness will undertake to checkmate or defeat the plan to help returned soldiers render productive thousands of acres of idle lands. It will be interesting and profitable to learn just how strong is the survival in Congress of shifty, flabby, ante-bellum political chicanery."

**SWIM**

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TEA ROOM**

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**Summer Schedule, Effective July 1, 1919.****HENDERSONV'E TO ASHEVILLE**

Leave at	9:00 a. m.
Leave at	10:00 a. m.
Leave at	1:30 p. m.
Leave at	4:15 p. m.
Leave at	6:00 p. m.
Leave at	7:00 p. m.

**ASHEVILLE TO HENDERSONV'E**

Leave at	8:30 a. m.
Leave at	10:00 a. m.
Leave at	1:00 p. m.
Leave at	4:00 p. m.
Leave at	6:00 p. m.
Leave at	7:00 p. m.

**SUNDAY SCHEDULE****HENDERSONV'E TO ASHEVILLE**

Leave at	9.00 a. m.
Leave at	2.00 p. m.
Leave at	6.00 p. m.

**ASHEVILLE TO HENDERSONV'E**

Leave at	9.00 a. m.
Leave at	1.00 p. m.
Leave at	6.00 p. m.

*Cars leave Hendersonville from Rose Pharmacy  
Cars leave Asheville from Smith's Drug Store*

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The Best Home Food at Moderate Prices

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ALSO CIGARS, CIGARETTES, TOBACCO, CANDY, SANDWICHES,  
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## THE JUMBLE BOOK OF RHYMES

(Recited by the Jumbler, by Frank R. Heine.)

From—

## MISSING YOU

Joy lives close to sadness  
 The steps are short and few;  
 Changing just one letter  
 Makes "Missing" "Kissing" You.

A wholesome book of originality and good cheer. Buy a copy, read it and pass another along. On sale—

**Pack Square Book Company, Brown Book Co., and  
 Hacknkey & Moale Company.**

Price \$1.00 net.

This number of the Oteen contains an advertisement of Hackney & Moale Company calling attention to a book of verse by Frank R. Heine.

The publishers have put out an attractive volume, and at \$1.00 net every person connected with U. S. A. Hospital No. 19 should own a copy of "The Jumble Book of Rhymes."

The author modestly dedicates his jumbles to the casuals now enjoying hospital hospitality at the two local hospitals. It is altogether original, full of unexpected twists and delightful whimsicalities, artistically printed and beautifully bound, suitable for a gift and worthy of being owned. Illustrated by Y. M. C. A. Secretary Cobb, of Kenilworth, and cover design by Private Jack Cooley. Read the ad and order your copy now, for it's a dud, buddy, and you should pick it up.

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If a nurse should walk up to me in Ward I-10 with a Browning pistol in her hand, and Chase me out in the Hall, I sure would make Sparks fly out of my hob-nail shoes. But, if our trained Noble guard had not turned from Stone to Wood to get help, and Henry had not got out his Ford, I would have been shot, and then I would not be a Lunger any more. Otherwise, I would be all right at sick Call in the morning.

Einhner—I-10.

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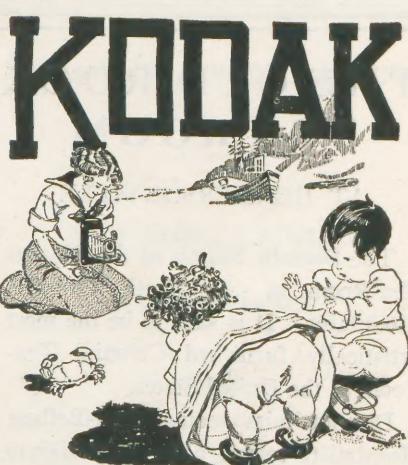
WILL PLACE YOU IN THE FRONT LINE OF WELL-DRESSED CIVILIANS

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Savings Accounts pay 4 per cent. interest, compounded quarterly. Open one today and you will have a tidy and handy sum to take home with you when you are discharged.

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